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BREAKING THE RECORD

By Jeane Caldwell. Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.

The man grasped the lever of the French touring car, and the crimson demon stopped so suddenly that it fairly sprang backward. The lane was narrow, and the girl who stood directly in the path of the machine had the imperious carriage of one who felt she held the key to the situation. When the dust had subsided, the man saw that above the imperious figure rose a face of singular charm, surrounded by an aureole of copperish gold. All this he saw in a flash despite his leather visor and ugly goggles.

The girl came to the side of the machine. "You are Mr. Benedict's chauffeur?" The man nodded his head and made a motion as if to raise his cap. The girl put one foot on the step. "Yes, I recognized the car. I want you to take me to Barrington as fast as you can make the machine go."

The man stirred uneasily. "But I am meeting some people at the 11:30 train."

"That makes no difference," said the girl, sweeping away his objections with



"WILL YOU PLEASE THANK HIM FOR ME?" true feminine finality. "I will answer to Mr. Benedict for your disobeying orders. A woman is dying in that cottage. To save her life the doctor must have certain things from his office in Barrington, and you must take me for them."

Even before she finished the sentence he had thrown open the low door, and she sprang up beside him. As she settled into her place the mighty car swung round in a circle, and they were off. She unfastened the veil from her big flat hat, tucked the latter behind her and tied the tulle over her hair, which refused, however, to be confined by such gentle measures. The man saw all this from the tail of his eye despite the goggles.

The road stretched before them, smooth and level as asphalt pavement. No teams were in sight. "Faster!" cried the girl impatiently. "You can surely make better time than this!"

"Against the law," said the man curtly. "Very well, break the law. I'll pay the fine if you are arrested. Oh, don't you understand? I've never seen any one die, and we've got to get back in time to save her!"

The car sprang forward. The girl closed her eyes suddenly. She had never ridden so fast.

"Accident?" hissed the man's voice in her ear. "Yes; she fell and cut herself. I was driving by in my pony cart when I heard her groan. It was dreadful. I had never seen blood before, you know. Just then Dr. Herron drove along. He said something about an artery and went to making bandages. I—I don't think I was much good—I turned so faint. Then he wanted to drive back to Barrington for some things, and—I was afraid to stay alone with her. He wrote the list on a paper, and I was just starting with the pony cart when I heard your machine. The doctor says she has just one chance in a hundred. You were the chance."

The car stopped at the top of the hill. "Brace yourself," said the man curtly. Then came the plunge downward. It seemed to the girl as if the wheels did not strike the ground as they passed through space. When they reached the foot of the hill she realized suddenly that the chauffeur had been holding her in the car with an arm firm and unflinching. He did not apologize when he removed its support. They were turning into the village.

"Which street?" he demanded. And she pointed to a white gabled cottage. He was evidently a well trained chauffeur of a multimillionaire bachelor. He knew enough to keep his place and not to take advantage of an awkward situation.

The doctor's wife followed her to the car, talking volubly. "Now, don't you stay around that place, fretting your soul out, Miss Carleton. The doctor will get some neighbors to stay with her."

The car parted up the hill. "Isn't this dreadful?" asked the girl

nervously. "Oh, excuse me; I know you are making good time, but it seems as if we were crawling. That

woman has the dearest baby. She cannot die and leave the poor little thing all alone."

"Did you ever think, Miss—Miss Carleton," said the man, watching her curiously, "that the baby might be better off if the mother died? The woman is poor. You or some other rich woman might adopt the child and give it a better home than the mother ever could."

"No, you don't understand. So many men say such things because they do not understand women—and babies. It isn't the home; it's the love." She had forgotten that the man beside her was a servant. She was thinking only of the baby that had cooed confidently in her arms while the doctor worked over its mother. "I've seen it curled in her arms. If she died, no arm would encircle it in just the same way. No, you can't understand, because you are a man. But I—I've felt always that I was cheated out of something—something that every other girl I knew had—a mother. There's a loneliness—I can't just tell you what it is. Sometimes it comes in the dark when you are alone and sometimes when you are among other people and see other girls with their mothers. I can't describe my feeling, but I just felt as if I must save the mother to that baby."

The man did not answer, but the machine did. It gave a despairing groan and shot up the incline in a way that would have made its makers proud.

The touring car stood outside the humble cottage until the girl came out again. Her eyes shone like stars.

"We got here in time. She is alive. I thank you very much. Is Mr. Benedict coming home today?"

The man nodded and put a hand on the lever.

"Will you please thank him for me?—and I will do so in person when we meet."

"Mr. Benedict, if you are very good you may take Miss Carleton out to dinner," said his hostess. "You know she has developed into a haughty Berkshire beauty."

"Little Mame Carleton?" he murmured.

"Yes; only since she is old Charley Carleton's heiress they spell it with a 'y'—'Mame'."

They crossed the room to where Miss Carleton was chatting with her host. She extended her hand cordially. "I am glad to see Mr. Benedict home again, and especially glad to have this early chance to thank him for his touring car, which I borrowed so unceremoniously this afternoon."

"And my chauffeur?"

At sound of his voice Miss Carleton looked around as if for support, but host and hostess had drifted away.

"I—I thought—"

"Of course," he said, with a quizzical laugh. "It has been five years since last we met—and then there were the goggles." He was looking at her hair. "I think I like it best tied down with a veil," he remarked irrelevantly.

"Please send your carriage away and let me take you home in my car," he urged. She hesitated, then gave the order, and they went back over the Barrington road.

"We broke the record right here," he said gleefully as they slowly climbed the hill. Then his voice turned serious. "I like to break records—and yet here I've wasted five years away from you, wandering the world over. I never realized until this afternoon why it was that I was lonesome too. I've been wanting just you—and I didn't know it."

And then the big car shot into the dim shadows of the narrow lane, and not even the night birds and the stars could see the answer he read in her eyes.

A Difficult Case to Cure.

Once I was assistant to an elderly doctor in Ontario, who also ran a drug store. He was as peppery as a cayenne pod, and from time to time customers and patients sprang jokes on him just for the fun of hearing him growl. On one occasion a well dressed young fellow called at the shop and asked the doctor to prescribe for a breaking out and a rash on his left arm. The doctor examined the limb and pronounced it to be a bad case of eczema.

"I suppose, doctor, you can cure it?" said the patient.

"Why, certainly," replied the doctor. "How long will it take to get well?"

"Oh, I guess about two months," said the doctor.

"Quite sure, sir. Is it a bad case?"

"Positively the worst I've seen."

"Then I will leave it with you and call for it again when cured," solemnly said the patient, slowly unfastening his arm, which was an artificial one and painted for the occasion.—Pearson's Weekly.

Kiwi the Oldest of Birds.

In New Zealand is found the kiwi, a strange bird of the ostrich family. Ostriches have two toes, but the extinct moas had three toes; so also have the existing emus, cassowaries and rheas, or South American ostriches. The kiwi, however, differs from the other struthious birds in having four toes. Further, the kiwi cannot be said to be quite ostrich-like, for in size it is not larger than an ordinary barnyard fowl. It has a small head, with a large and muscular neck and a long slender bill, with the distinguishing feature that the nostrils are placed close to its tip. The legs are short, but the muscles on the thighs are well developed, and the feet are strong and powerful and provided with sharp claws. The kiwi is a

bird devoid of any external trace of wings, and there is no trace of tail visible, while it is covered with long, narrow hairlike feathers, and on the fore part of the head and sides of the face are straggling hairlike feelers.—Chicago Chronicle.

ANIMAL ANTIPATHIES.

The Fear Horses Have of Camels and Cattle of Dogs.

"In some towns they won't let us show," said the circus animal trainer, "unless we have no camels with us. Camels are a serious drawback to shows. Horses are so much afraid of them that lots of towns won't let a camel enter their gates."

"A horse won't go near a piece of ground a camel has stood on. The very smell of a camel in the air will make a horse tremble and sweat, and this fear isn't only found occasionally in a horse here and there. It is found in every horse all over the world. Queer, isn't it? I often wonder why it is. Cattle hate dogs in the same way, and cats hate dogs so too. Here, though, we can account for the hatred. Dogs in primitive times fed on cattle, no doubt, and even today here and there they kill and feed on kittens."

"Horses love dogs. I'm sure I don't know why. Dogs fear no animals but pumas and leopards. You can take a dog up to a lion's or a tiger's cage, and he will show no fear, but take him up to the cage of a puma or a leopard and he will tremble and moan and slink away out of sight. "All very puzzling, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

TWO GREAT LEADERS.

Disraeli and Gladstone and Their Enmity Toward Each Other.

Disraeli wit was too much for Gladstone. The great Liberal had but one adjective for his Tory opponent, and that was "devilish." Never during the years of their opposing leadership had the two any social relations. Each made light of the other's literary efforts. Some one asked Lord Beaconsfield to define the difference between a misfortune and a calamity, and unhesitatingly it came, "If Mr. Gladstone should fall into the Thames, it would be a misfortune. If any one should pull him out, it would be a calamity."

The best of all the Gladstone-Disraeli stories tells how once at a London dinner party the ladies at the table were asked which they would marry if they had to marry one or the other, the great Liberal or the great Tory. All declared promptly in favor of Beaconsfield save one, who hastened to explain that she had rather wed Gladstone than she might elope with Disraeli and so break her husband's heart. This happening was of course retold to Disraeli, and so pleased was he over it that he suspended a cabinet debate on the chances of a continental war in order to relate it.—Warwick James Price in Criticon.

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